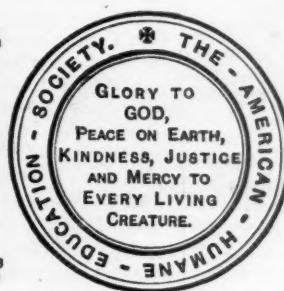


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



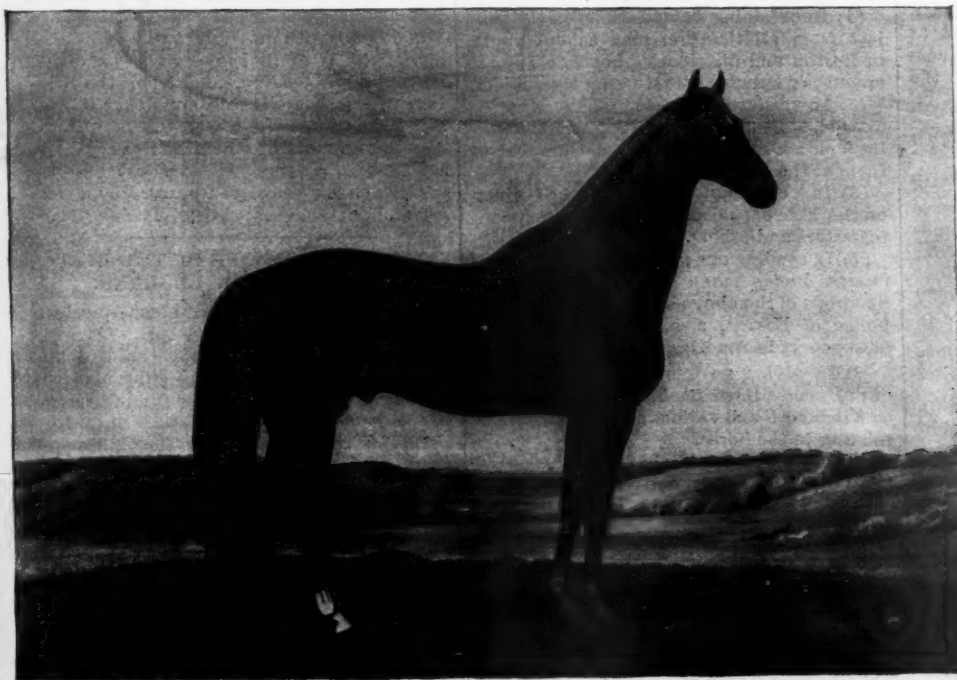
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 32.

Boston, September, 1899.

No. 4.



"BLACK BEAUTY."

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

THE ARMY OF THE HORSE.

(A tribute to the poor creatures who have
fallen in our recent wars.)

By L. E. SHATTUCK, of The Springfield Union.

Not on History's treasured page,
Nor on the tongues of men,
Does their daring stand recorded,
Their bravery live again.

No marble shaft its head uprears
Beneath a Southern sky,

To tell of how they fought and fell,
And taught men how to die.

No tombstone marks those rude-cut graves,
No tablet tells the loss;
The busy world won't pause to mourn
The army of the horse.

But Memory still awakens
A silent, soulful prayer
In noble hearts of those who fought—
The brave men who were there.

And from the cloud of battle smoke,
Beneath that blazing sky,

Again above the uproar comes
The wild despairing cry

Of poor, patient dumb beasts dying,
With life-tide's quickening loss;
'Tis a wild and an unearthly note,
The death-cry of the horse.

To the front, on the flank they fall,
Now down, now up again;
Flecked with foam and blood, re-
ceiving
The bullets meant for men.

Now here, now there, they bleed—
ing wheel,
Plunging to left, to right;
Bloodshot eyes, entrails disgorged,
A wild, unearthly sight.

The general's high-born charger,
Pack-horse of common blood,
Both join their last despairing cries,
Mingle their crimson flood.

Obedient, onward pressing,
Protesting not the loss;
Thus the dauntless army marches—
The army of the horse.

What matters it the world seeks not
Their bravery to declare,
It lives again in hearts of men—
The brave men who were there.

In all questions relating to war it is the
duty of the editor of this paper never to
forget and always be ready to speak for the
horses that must suffer and die and cannot
speak for themselves.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE OLD WAR HORSE.

[From "Black Beauty."]

"My master, my dear master was cheer-
ing on his comrades with his right arm
raised on high, when one of the balls whiz-
zing close to my head, struck him. I felt

him stagger with the shock, though he uttered no cry; I tried to check my speed, but the sword dropped from his right hand, the rein fell loose from the left, and sinking backward from the saddle he fell to the earth; the other riders swept past us, and by the force of their charge I was driven from the spot where he fell.

"I wanted to keep my place by his side, and not leave him under that rush of horses' feet, but it was in vain; and now without a master or a friend, I was alone on that great slaughter ground; then fear took hold on me, and I trembled as I had never trembled before; and I too, as I had seen other horses do, tried to join in the ranks and gallop with them; but I was beaten off by the swords of the soldiers. Just then a soldier, whose horse had been killed under him, caught at my bridle and mounted me; and with this new master I was again going forward; but our gallant company was cruelly overpowered, and those who remained alive after the fierce fight for the guns, came galloping back over the same ground. Some of the horses had been so badly wounded that they could scarcely move from the loss of blood; other noble creatures were trying on three legs to drag themselves along, and others were struggling to rise on their fore feet, when their hind legs had been shattered by shot. Their groans were piteous to hear, and the beseeching look in their eyes as those who escaped passed by and left them to their fate, I shall never forget. After the battle the wounded men were brought in, and the dead were buried."

"And what about the wounded horses?" I said; "were they left to die?"

"No, the army farriers went over the field with their pistols and shot all that were ruined; some that had only slight wounds were brought back and attended to, but the greater part of the noble, willing creatures that went out that morning never came back! In our stables there was only about one in four that returned."

"I never saw my dear master again. I believe he fell dead from the saddle. I never loved any other master so well. I went into many other engagements but was only once wounded, and then not seriously; and when the war was over I came back to England."

I said, "I have heard people talk about war as if it was a very fine thing."

"Ah!" said he, "I should think they never saw it. No doubt it is very fine when there is no enemy, when it is just exercise and parade and sham fight. Yes, it is very fine then; but when thousands of good, brave men and horses are killed or crippled for life, it has a very different look."

"Do you know what they fought about?" said I.

"No," he said, "that is more than a horse can understand, but the enemy must have been awfully wicked people, if it was right to go all that way over the sea on purpose to kill them."

OUR HORSES.

Our horses, whom it is our duty to represent, are all for peace and arbitration. They want no wars in Cuba or the Philippines or anywhere. Too many of them have died on battle-fields and by starvation and terrible cruelty in the handling cannon and ambulances and army supplies to have any love of war.

The horses of America would all vote for peace.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CHICAGO.

In a letter received a few days since we read the following:—

"I stopped an expressman who had a starved-looking horse and asked him if he would read '*Black Beauty*' and lend it to his friends. He promised he would, and I sent him a copy. A few days after, on a hot day, I was passing his stand, and saw that he had a cabbage-leaf over his horse's head to protect it from the sun, while he was sitting on the sidewalk reading '*Black Beauty*.' I wish I could afford to give a copy to every expressman in Chicago."

SPECIAL INSTRUCTION ABOUT HORSES IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Our opinion is asked in regard to the above subject. In reply I would say that we have given great attention to this matter.

(1) In the causing to be sent out over two millions copies of "*Black Beauty*."

(2) In the formation [mostly in public schools] of over thirty-eight thousand "*Bands of Mercy*."

(3) In our one hour addresses during sixty-one days to the public schools of Boston, and in sending out some hundreds of thousands of printed copies of that address to public schools and teachers elsewhere.

(4) In obtaining compositions on the subject from all the grammar school pupils of Boston and distributing in schools a vast amount of humane literature on the subject.

(5) In various addresses we have given to drivers, teamsters, coachmen, etc., including one address to full three thousand of them at the Boston Theatre.

(6) In a course of lectures we had given on the above subject to drivers, coachmen, teamsters and others.

(7) In sending our monthly paper without charge during many years every month to hundreds of the above classes, also to all the police of Boston, also, each month, to all newspapers in America, north of Mexico.

(8) In giving an immense circulation to our "*Humane Horse Book*"—"Twelve Lessons on Kindness," and various other publications relating to the horse.

Of course we should always be most glad to increase in any way the teaching of kindness in all our schools, not only to the horse but to all the lower animals that depend on man's mercy, not only because it makes the animals happier, but because it also makes human beings both happier and better.

Dean Stanley once asked a little girl why she was stroking with her hand the back of a turtle, and when she replied, "*To make the turtle happier*," told her "she might as well stroke the dome of a cathedral to please the Dean and Chapter." But a wisdom higher than that of the Dean had revealed to the child that every stroke of her little hand made herself happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT PRINCE DID.

[For "*Our Dumb Animals*," by MRS. A. R. KNOWLTON.]

Stories of the wisdom of animals are not few in the present day, when the humane societies are doing so much to promote the rights of our dumb brethren, yet each new tale is not without its own peculiar interest.

The following true story concerns a horse

belonging to a gentleman residing in Worcester, Mass.:

Prince was a thorough-bred, his naturally fine instincts sharpened and rendered more acute by his training, for he had known life on the race track, until some slight accident unfitted him for that career and transformed him into a carriage horse.

He was being driven homeward one evening in winter, when dusk was fast rendering even nearby objects invisible. Suddenly he stopped short, trembling all over.

In vain his driver urged him to proceed. Prince refused to stir and the quivering of his muscles increased.

At last the driver left his seat to discover the cause of this unusual behavior. It was soon explained. Just in front of the horse—in fact, almost beneath his upraised feet—lay a woman who had slipped, fallen and was unable to rise.

To avoid doing her an injury that splendid animal had resolutely held up his fore foot for more than a minute. No wonder he trembled from the strain of this unaccustomed position.

Senator Barrows, of Michigan, says that we may run counter at any moment to European nations. Of course [like everybody else] we are liable to be mistaken, but it certainly seems to us that this war of 70,000,000 with possibly 3,000,000—of a giant with a small boy—might be ended without more fighting, and from the bottom of our heart we do hope that it may never bring upon us a war with any European giant, most of whom have very little seacoast to defend, while we have thousands of miles on two seacoasts separated by a continent.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE BEST WOMEN IN NEW ENGLAND.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President American Humane Education Society:

Dear Sir,—Can you aid the cause of humanity in this village by sending us some reading matter which will help educate the people?

The children are growing up thoughtless and cruel, although they attend the Sunday-schools of the place. The trouble here is the same as in a hundred thousand other places: the attention of the men, women, and children has not been called to the important subject of their duties to the lower animals. You have wisely said in one of your papers, "A thousand cases of cruelty can be prevented by kind words and humane education, for every one that can be prevented by prosecution." That wonderful combination of mercy, love, and kindness, "*Black Beauty*," with your humane leaflets and fascinating monthly, "*Our Dumb Animals*," if widely distributed, will do untold good in the line of education and prevention. I hope you will secure a million dollars for your work. The American Humane Education Society will prove an incalculable blessing wherever its beneficent influence shall be felt.

Very sincerely,

W. O. S.

THE DOCTORS.

"Dear," said a physician's wife as they sat in church, "there is Mrs. G— sitting in a draft." "Well," said her husband, "I shall cash that draft."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

Over thirty-eight thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed. Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



AFTER A ROMP.

From "Pets and Animals," Springfield, Ohio.

DID YOU EVER LISTEN, BROTHER?

Did you ever listen, brother, to the music of the rill,
As it sang in happy cadence, dancing gaily down the hill?

Did you never stop a moment just to catch its little song?

If you haven't, you have missed it; stop when next you go along.

Have you ever heard the tender little ballads of the rain,
As it sang them, playing softly on the shingle and the pane?

Did you never hear the chorus as they joined in mighty shower?

If you haven't, listen for it when again the rain doth pour.

Have you never heard the music as you strolled beneath the trees?

Grandeur far than mighty Handel with his glorious harmonies;

Did you never hear the love-song of the forest to his bride?

If you haven't, stop and listen when again you chance to ride.

Have you never heard the soft diminuendo in the grain?

When the breezes played upon it Autumn's light and happy strain?

Have you never thrilled with pleasure as you stood amidst the corn,

And heard its sweet bravuras on a clear September morn?

Did you ever think to listen to the diapason grand,
When the Storm King sang in thunder, as he swept across the land?

Have you never caught the throbbing of his mighty, angry soul,

As he struck his harp electric? Have you never heard its roll?

Have you never paused to listen to the music of the spheres?

Such soul-stirring strains of melody ne'er greeted mortal ears;

When Orion, with Arcturus, and sweet Luna and old Sol,

Head the choruses of Heaven, and the angels prostrate fall?

Have you never listened, brother, for the music deep and grand,
That is swelling all around you on the water and the land?

Have you never caught the music that the little zephyrs play?

As they make of you their spinnet, when they meet you day by day.

Let me tell you, O, my brother, if you haven't learned to hear

All the music that is swelling daily round you year by year;

If you haven't caught the melodies that Nature plays and sings,

You are missing all the music of Jehovah, King of Kings.

All this music, O, my brother, O, my sister, is for you,
Will you not then listen for it, as your journey you pursue?

It will fill your life with sunshine, it will banish pain and care,

If you only catch the music that is swelling everywhere.

FREDERICK ABBOTT, in "Pearls."

(From Washington Post.)

North Carolina probably never produced an abler preacher than Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, who once was pastor of Grace Episcopal Church, New York. Short, thickset, swarthy, black-eyed and black-haired, he was a striking personage. He was not only a great pulpit orator, but considered the best reader in the New York episcopacy. His rather luxurious family deterred him from accepting a bishopric, which would have otherwise been tendered. One day a delegation from a Buffalo church waited upon him and invited him to accept a pastorate in that city.

"Well, gentlemen, other things being satisfactory, the question of acceptance narrows down to a business matter," said Dr. Hawkes. "What salary do you offer?"

"Dr. Hawkes," said the spokesman, "we recognize that you have a high reputation, and are willing to be liberal. Our recent pastor has received \$2500, but on account of your standing we have decided to offer you \$3500."

"My good man," cried the doctor, "do you know what salary I am receiving here?"

"No, sir."

"I get \$15,000 and this parsonage; and as I have an expensive family I do not see my way clear to accept your offer."

The spokesman looked rather sheepish, but made another essay.

"If we had known that fact, sir, we would undoubtedly have looked elsewhere; but you should remember that the work of the Lord must be done; and as for providing for your family, you know the story of Elijah and the ravens."

"Now, my friends," responded the clergyman, quizzingly, "I have made the Bible my study ever since I was twenty-eight. I have read it through carefully and prayerfully over a hundred times. I remember the raven incident perfectly, but nowhere can I find any reference to the Lord's providing for young Hawkes."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1899.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

~~See~~ In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month eighty-three new branches of our *Parent Band of Mercy*, making a total of thirty-eight thousand one hundred and seventy-three.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

At the August monthly meeting of the Directors of the "American Humane Education Society" and the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," the circulation of "*Black Beauty*" in Spanish in Colombia and Cuba was reported. Special attention was called to the large number of Bands of Mercy formed in California, Indiana and the District of Columbia. The agents had investigated 1942 cases since the last report; 104 animals had been taken from work and 144 humanely killed. The beaches had been visited and much important work done there.

OUR SUMMER HOTELS.

We have sent copies of "*Our Dumb Animals*" to about fifteen hundred summer hotels.

ALTHOUGH IT IS VACATION.

Although it is vacation and the duller season of our educational work, yet we are glad to report recent large orders for our humane publications, including this morning [Aug. 2nd] an order for 400 copies of "*New York's Four Hundred*" and 400 "*For Pity's Sake*," also for 100 copies of "*Black Beauty*" and 75 "*For Pity's Sake*."

AN ORDER FOR 200 COPIES.

We are glad to send an order of 200 copies of our Spanish "*Black Beauty*" to Bucamaranga, Colombia, South America.

SAN FRANCISCO—ALASKA—
SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We are glad to find in the *San Francisco Call* of July 16, several columns describing the good work done by Mrs. Maria Freeman Gray, of San Francisco, in organizing our "Bands of Mercy" in San Francisco, Alaska and the Sandwich Islands.

I HAVE NOTICED.

"I have noticed for the past thirty years," writes David B. Teal, M. D., to the *New York Sun*, "that where dogs and cats are kept in families the children are healthier and the death rate smaller than where they are not kept. If cats were trained so that a child's throat could be covered over night with an ordinary house cat, men in my profession would have less trouble with membranous croup and diphtheria."

AN IVORY BILLIARD BALL.

There appears to be no better way of giving a house dog exercise than with an ivory billiard ball.

ALL THE INSECT-EATING BIRDS
IN AMERICA.

The *Boston Evening Transcript* of July 24th gives a startling exhibition of the danger coming upon our country from the destruction of birds, and adds:

"Let the members of the *Christian Endeavor Societies*, the *Epworth Leagues* and the *Young People's Christian Associations* have an additional aim. It is to love God's wild birds as well as his human children. If all the male members of these three bodies will pledge themselves to refrain from killing their little brothers of the air, and the female members absolutely refuse to wear the plumage of any wild birds as ornaments, then a great advance will have been made toward the better protection of our birds."

If to our over thirty-eight thousand "*Bands of Mercy*" could be added in this work of protecting the birds the *Christian Endeavorers* and *Epworth Leagues*, there would be ample cause for thanksgiving of all the insect-eating birds in America.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Board wanted" was what the young lady said when she came to a mud puddle.

THE CLERGY.

We not unfrequently hear the clergy attacked for not taking a more decided stand for the right, regardless of consequences.

We know something about this business. Our father was a clergyman, our uncle was a clergyman, our cousin was a clergyman, and our good mother [though she did not preach] was perhaps the best clergyman of the whole lot. The clergyman is, generally speaking, a poor man without money, with a wife and children, and no way to live except by the help of his parish.

At the age when lawyers and physicians are getting their largest fees, he is in greatest danger of being left to depend on charity.

We believe the clergy, as a whole, try to make their lives just as useful to their parishes and the world as their parishes and the world will permit them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE DOCTOR AS A CARRIER OF
DISEASE.

We find in the August *Sanitarian*, quoted from *New York Medical Journal* of July 8th, a very important article on the above subject.

The writer recommends the wearing of gossamer rubber coats in sick rooms—great care in the use of thermometers, hypodermic syringes, medicine cases, protecting hair and whiskers, careful cleaning of the nails, use of rubber tissue finger cots, etc., etc.

We think the writer's conclusions may be of interest to the about three thousand physicians who receive our paper each month.

KIND LEGACY ACKNOWLEDGED.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of a kind legacy of \$500 from the estate of Lucy H. B. Harding, of Barre, Mass., though we are sorry to have to deduct from it five per cent., \$25—Government war tax—for we think humane education just now more important to the future welfare of our country than anything else. GEO. T. ANGELL.

IN THE AUGUST SANITARIAN.

We find a very important article by Dr. Samuel W. Abbott, secretary of our Mass. State Board of Health, on the danger of lead pipes as recently found by many examinations at Lowell; also of the danger of lead pipes lined with zinc.

RONCEVERTE, W. VA., August 7.—Mrs. Arthur Beagle, accompanied by her 10-year-old daughter, was picking berries near Rood's Creek, and accompanying the two was a water spaniel. When the two arrived near their home the dog acted very strangely, brushing against the child as if to warn it of danger. As the child kept on the dog laid down in the path in front of her, and then it was discovered that the faithful brute was on top of a rattlesnake, which bit the dog in numerous places. The child escaped unhurt and its mother dispatched the reptile, but the dog died within an hour from the bites.



A BOOK THAT MAY TOUCH A MILLION HEARTS.

On July 20th, by kind consideration of the editors of *The Atlantic Monthly*, I received an advance copy of their August issue containing a story written by *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*, entitled "*Loveliness*," which so touched my own heart that I felt sure it would touch the hearts of all who might read it.

Without a moment's hesitation I at once wrote the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for authority to print it in cheap form and give it a wide gratuitous circulation.

I felt sure that in the cheap form of "*Black Beauty*" and our other "*American Humane Education Society's*" publications, I could send out gratuitously [as we could afford] and beyond that, at the bare cost of printing, perhaps a hundred thousand copies—perhaps many more.

But after several letters I found that the publishers had already arranged to issue it in illustrated book form, and that while they might consent to a cheap edition at some future time they cannot now.

But the publishers have kindly given me permission to quote from it, for which I am grateful.

The principal characters are a professor in one of our colleges—his little invalid daughter—and the family dog which had saved her life and from that moment had become her constant companion night and day.

One sad day the dog was stolen and nowhere could be found, and from that moment the little invalid pined away and in spite of constant medical attendance was near death, when the dog was discovered in the medical laboratory of the professor's own college, and in the presence of the whole body of medical students was about to be vivisected.

As the publishers have kindly given me permission to quote I have chosen to quote the following: GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Gentlemen," began the operator, "we have before us to-day a demonstration of unusual beauty and interest. It is our intention to study"—here he minutely described the nature of the operation. "There will be also some collateral demonstrations of more than ordinary value. The material has been carefully selected. It is young and healthy," observed the surgeon in parentheses. "We have not put the subject under the usual anesthesia,"—he motioned to his assistant, who at this point went into the laboratory—"because of the importance of some preliminary experiments which were instituted yesterday,

and to the perfection of which consciousness is conditional. Gentlemen, you see before you"—

The assistant entered through the laboratory door at this moment, bearing something which he held straight out before him. The students, on tiered and curving benches, looked down from their amphitheatre, lightly, as they had been trained to look.

"It is needless to say," proceeded the lecturer, "that the subject will be mercifully disposed of as soon as the demonstration is completed. And we shall operate with the greatest tenderness, as we always do. Gentlemen, I am reminded of a story"—

The demonstrator indulged in a little persiflage at this point, raising a laugh among the class; he smiled himself; he gestured with the scalpel which he had selected while he was talking; he made three or four sinister cuts with it in the air—preparatory cuts—an awful rehearsal. He held the instrument suspended, thoughtfully.

"The first incision"—he began. "Follow me closely, now. You see—Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Really, I cannot proceed in such a disturbance—What is that noise?" With the suspended scalpel in his hand the demonstrator turned impatiently.

"It's a row in the corridor," said one of the students. "We hope you won't delay for that, doctor. It's nothing of any consequence. Please go ahead."

But the locked door of the laboratory shook violently, and rattled in unseen hands. Voices clashed from the outside. The disturbance increased.

"Open! Open the door!" Heavy blows fell upon the panels.

"In the name of humanity, in the name of mercy, open this door!"

"It must be some of those fanatics," said the operator, laying down his instrument. "Where is the janitor? Call him to put a stop to this."

He took up the instrument with an impetuous motion, then laid it irritably down again. The attention of his audience was now concentrated upon the laboratory door, for the confusion had redoubled. At the same time feet were heard approaching the students' entrance to the lecture room. One of the young men took it upon himself to lock that door also, which was not the custom of the place; but he found no key, and two or three of his classmates joined him in standing against the door, which they barricaded. Their blood was up—they knew not why; the fighting animal in them leaped at the mysterious intrusion. There was every prospect of a scene unprecedented in the history of the lecture room.

The expected did not happen. It appeared that some unsuccessful effort was made to force this door, but it was not prolonged; then the footsteps retreated down the stairs, and the demand at the laboratory entrance set in again—this time in a new voice:—

"It is an officer of the court! There is a search warrant for stolen property! Open in the name of the Law! Open this door in the name of the Commonwealth!"

Now the door sank open, was burst open, or was unlocked—in the excitement no one knew which or how—and the professor and the lawyer, the officer and the search warrant, fell in.

The professor pushed ahead and strode to the operating table.

There lay the tiny creature, so daintily reared, so passionately beloved; he who had been sheltered in the heart of luxury, like the little daughter of the house herself; he who used never to know a pang that love or luxury could prevent or cure; he who had been the soul of tenderness, and had known only the soul of tenderness. There, stretched, bound, gagged, gasping, doomed to a doom which the readers of this page would forbid this pen to describe, lay the silver Yorkshire, kissing his vivisector's hand.

In the past few months Loveliness had known to the uttermost the matchless misery of the lost dog (for he had been sold and restolen more than once); he had known the miseries of cold, of hunger, of neglect, of homelessness, and other torments of which it is as well not to think; the sufferings which ignorance imposes upon animals. He was about to endure the worst torture of them all—that reserved by wisdom and power for the dumb, the undefended, and the small.

The officer seized the scalpel which the demonstrator had laid aside, and slashed through the straps that bound the victim down. When the gag was removed, and the little creature, shorn, sunken, changed, almost unrecognizable, looked up into his

master's face, those cruel walls rang to such a cry of more than human anguish and ecstasy as they had never heard before, and never may again.

The operator turned away; he stood in his butcher's blouse and stared through out of the laboratory window, over the head of the lily, which regarded him fixedly. The students grew rapidly quiet. When the professor took Loveliness into his arms, and the Yorkshire, still crying like a human child that had been lost and saved, put up his weak paws around his master's neck and tried to kiss the tears that fell, unashamed, down the cheeks of that eminent man, the lecture room burst into a storm of applause; then fell suddenly still again, as if it felt embarrassed both by its expression and by its silence, and knew not what to do.

"Has the knife touched him—anywhere?" asked the professor, choking.

"No, thank God!" replied the demonstrator, turning around timidly; "and I assure you—our regrets—such a mistake!"

"That will do, doctor," said the professor. "Gentlemen, let me pass, if you please. I have no time to lose. There is one waiting for this little creature who"—

He did not finish his sentence, but went out from among them. As he passed with the shorn and quivering dog in his arms the students rose to their feet.

THE GREAT ENGLISH SURGEON, LAWSON TAIT.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM HIS LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON.

"I reached this platform [*anti-vivisection*] some seventeen or eighteen years ago. . . . I had to submit to a deep humiliation, for it was no small matter for an ambitious young man of twenty-four or twenty-five to acknowledge that he had been wrong in his published conclusions, and to admit that his experiments were not only utterly wrong, but mischievous and misleading. I was humiliated." . . . "But the result was a pamphlet which I issued on the uselessness of experimentation upon animals for any purpose that you can imagine."

"I went to the records of medicine and surgery and found out how futile all the illustrations were."

"There is no condition of experimentation possible, with the influence of anesthesia, from which just conclusions can be formed! The thing is ridiculous. It is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Your 'patient' must be either conscious or unconscious; if it is unconscious the experiment is admittedly 'worthless'; if it is conscious its nervous system is so stimulated, and it is so upset by the torture, that no truth can be arrived at."

"Here we are at the very end of our century, and at this moment—I speak now of my own knowledge in the last few days—it appears that we are going to do away with ether and chloroform, and all those compound chemicals which seem to have more or less danger in them, and go back absolutely to nitrous oxide as an anesthetic. And why? Because now we get it pure and we mix with it as we give it, as the case requires, a little pure oxygen, and the thing seems to be perfectly safe and manageable. I saw an operation performed under this method the other day; it occupied twenty minutes, and the patient was absolutely free from pain, and arose from the operating table without any sickness or distress or trouble. As we watched the patient there seemed to be the minimum of danger or hardly any danger, and here we have been running away with these infernal experiments on animals for generations on the simple question of ether and chloroform, and we have had Sir Humphrey Davy's triumphant discovery lying barren for a century. (Applause.) . . . I move this resolution:

"That this meeting wholly disapproves of experimentation on living animals, as being crude in conception, unscientific in its nature, and incapable of being sustained by any accurate or beneficent results applicable to man."

This was seconded by Dr. Wall, in a telling speech, and carried.

The London Animals Friend.

"Blessed are the merciful."

(From "Forest and Stream.")

"One of the tricks," remarks a veteran Adirondack hunter, "is that played by men who take their wives into the woods. Every woman who goes into camp wants to kill a deer for the sake merely of being able to boast of it; and, strange to say, some men in whose hearts not one drop of true sporting blood flows are willing to gratify them, even by the sacrifice of the commonest human instincts of justice. The woman who shoots a deer in the Adirondacks does it as an executioner would spring the trap of the scaffold upon which stands a man whose innocence of crime is acknowledged by the law. Every year women in these camping parties are allowed to shoot deer which have been captured alive and then hobbled in the woods. The deer cannot escape, and the women pop away at him until some chance bullet brings him down. Sometimes, I believe, the women do not know that the deer is tied fast to a tree, but if they had even common sense they would realize that a deer would run away if not tied fast."

[Need of humane education.—EDITOR.]

DOES THERE EVER COME A DAY?

Does there ever come a day when your spirits flag—when the lodestar of daily effort seems to have set in gloom? Then hie away to some beautiful birdy spot—(perhaps the spot may be found in your own garden), and, seating yourself in some unobtrusive place, await developments. A song is heard; listen to it; analyze it, and put it into words if you can. Keep quiet and the singer may perch in full sight of you. But if he keeps at a distance, follow him. Do not give up until a fair view is had of the songster. Be quiet in your movements and make as few as possible. Note the color, form, size and song of your bird, and, if you do not know him then, look him up in some good bird-book after you go home.

Depend upon eye and ear; do not make a movement except to bring your opera-glass to your eyes, and this as quietly and with as little motion as possible. The squirrels will appear and chatter to you, especially if you can answer them in their own language. The woodpecker will tap the tree above your head to see if he can startle you and then chuckle hoarsely, so exactly like the squirrel's bark that even old hunters have been deceived by it. And perchance your silent vigil will be rewarded by the song of the hermit thrush, and that solitary beauty may reveal himself to your longing eyes. The chewink may flute you a tune and then flit away out of the leafy silence into the more open places where he makes his nest. An hour will pass as but a minute, and if you have any success at all you will not wait for the "blue devils" to drive you to a second morning with the birds.—*From Self-Culture for August.*

A MOTHER STORK'S DEVOTION.

Among many stories of the affection of dumb creatures for their young, this from a German paper is peculiarly pathetic: "At Neuendorf the lightning struck the gable end of a barn where for years a pair of storks had built their nest. The flames soon caught the nest in which the helpless brood was piteously screaming. The mother stork now protectively spread out her wing over the young ones, with whom she was burnt alive, although she might have saved herself easily enough by flight."—*Christian Herald.*

JOHNNY AND HIS QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

Johnny lived in a house all by himself. It was such a queer little house with a low, flat roof, open sides, and a big window in front through which Johnny looked out at the great world.

Whenever Johnny moved he took his house with him, perhaps because he had lived so long in it that he disliked to occupy any other, or he may have known that it would be hard to find a carpenter to build another like it.

Before I became acquainted with Johnny he lived near the coast, sometimes staying in the water, but now and then moving his house high and dry up on the soft sandy beach. One bright day in May as he was looking out through his big window across the white glistening sand to the ocean beyond, he heard a gush of merry laughter and a swish of clean-starched aprons.

He was very much frightened at first and drew far back into his house so he could only just peep out of his great window.

As he was not disturbed he grew more bold, and pushing his head out through the window of his house he saw a group of happy-faced children, some running along the beach gathering the dainty waxen shells, and others with little shovels making heaps of sand.

Bright eyes soon discovered the queer little house and eager voices asked about it and about the one who lived in it. At the first sound of their voices Johnny had crept within the shelter of his roof, but those voices were so kind and loving that fear soon left him and again he ventured to come forth. A merry laugh greeted the first appearance of his odd-looking face and black bead-like eyes.

But before the morning was over he was a firm friend of each child, and at lunch-time gladly shared the soft ginger-bread they had brought with them.

When the time came for the children to leave for home, Johnny was asked to move his house and come with them. So fond had he become of their company that he offered no objection, but being tired out with his day's enjoyment he fell asleep.

When he awoke the next morning he found himself in a strange place. Loud rumbling noises outside soon told him that he was in the city of which he had heard the children tell, and the circle of little chairs showed that this was their kindergarten room.

Soon he heard the voices of yesterday's friends, and eagerly looked out to see what they had for his breakfast. Each one had saved some choice bit from his own breakfast at home, but Johnny rejected them all in favor of some earth-worms one little boy had brought from his mother's flower-bed. The children quickly saw what Johnny liked best, and he never lacked afterward his favorite food.

Seated in their row of tiny chairs the children talked over their joyous holiday, and with march, game and song they passed a happy and busy morning.

Each day they came again and Johnny would push his head far out through the window of his house to have the children stroke him, while he watched in a lazy way what was going on about him.

All too soon came the hot July days when the kindergarten should be closed. "What should be done with Johnny?" was the question. It would never do to leave him alone, and it was hard to decide which child should have him to care for; so Johnny was finally allowed to go on a long visit to the country with a kindergartener.

Such a cool, roomy garden as Johnny's house was placed in! He had never before seen such a delightful spot.

He found so many cosy nooks that he moved very often to try each one. The grass was so tall, and Johnny was so fond of moving, that a string was fastened to a hole in the roof of his house and then tied to an apple-tree. Thus Johnny could wander at his own sweet will the length of the string, but could always be traced out at meal-time.

The good kindergartener one day went away for a visit, and although Johnny liked the garden he missed the gentle strokes and the tender voice of the kind-faced kindergartener, but most of all he missed the children. So he tugged hard at the string, it snapped asunder, and Johnny moved off to find his little friends.

Many miles stretched between them, and Johnny

must have lost his way, for the children have not seen him since.

Now, my little friends, if in any of your pleasant rambles through the field or the wood you chance to see a queer little house with a low, flat roof, won't you ask if *Johnny Turtle* lives within, and give him a kind word for the kindergarten children?

J. E. B.

DO HORSES EVER CRY?

"Did you ever see a horse cry?" asked Herbert Tennent of a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter. "Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have had much to do with these faithful creatures know that on several occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow in the most heart-breaking manner. In the West, where the hardness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common when the weather is extremely cold to leave an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours when the temperature is nearly zero, and while its owner is transacting business or getting drunk. In this case the suffering is evidenced by the cries which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze on to the cheeks like icicles. When a horse falls in the street and gets injured the shock generally numbs the senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember a favorite horse of my own which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed."

A BALLAD OF THE TIMES.

DEDICATED TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[Written for *Our Dumb Animals* by one of the best friends dumb animals ever had in this country, Miss Ellen Snow, of Hartford, Conn.]

We're a most progressive land,
'Tis our duty to expand,
And we ought to civilize the Philippines;
The treaty's made for peace,
We must fight that war may cease,
To manage things no other way there seems.

War with its din of arms,
Its horrors and alarms,
Is never very pleasant we admit;
And great climatic heat,
With the natives far from neat,
Is for death and illness-breeding very fit.

Still we've got to go ahead,
And who's alive or dead
The papers will be sure to let us know;
And we shall pay the bills,
With alternating thrills
Of patriotic pride and aching woe.

With Cuban wrongs redressed,
And the matador suppressed,
We surely are a philanthropic race;
When our new Malay-Chinese-
Filipinos are at peace,
For other nations we may set the pace.

ZOLA'S DOG.

(From the *Paris Messenger*.)

M. Emile Zola is very fond of animals, and a touching story is told in this connection. When the novelist left hurriedly for England at the time of his threatened arrest, he had no opportunity of taking his little dog with him. The affectionate creature looked in vain for its master, and not finding him became very dejected. Later the poor dog met his death from a stroke of lightning. Writing of the circumstance to Mlle. Adrienne Neyrat, the directress of the *Ami des Bêtes*, M. Zola says: "It seemed to me as if my departure had killed him, and I wept like a child. Even now it is impossible for me to think of it without being moved to tears. When I returned a corner of the house seemed empty. Of all my sacrifices, the death of my dog in my absence has been one of the hardest. This sort of thing is ridiculous, I know, and if I tell it to you, Mademoiselle, it is because I am sure to find in you a tender heart for animals, and one who will not laugh too much."

THE BEST OF ITS KIND.

The best of its kind, and one of the most fearless and aggressive papers coming to our table is *Our Dumb Animals*. It is uncompromisingly against cruelty of any kind, including, of course, all wars except those fought under this one condition: "If the men who get up unnecessary wars would only fight all the battles themselves, with no suffering to innocent human beings or dumb animals, we would not raise the slightest objections." Good! If there were more of such papers the world would be the better for it.—*Sabbath Herald, Battle Creek, Mich.*



"THE LIONS AT HOME," BY ROSA BONHEUR.

HOW DID YOU HAPPEN?

How did you happen to have "The American Humane Education Society" formed and incorporated, Mr. Angell?

Answer.—The work of our Massachusetts Society was rapidly growing to be national, and to some extent international, and thousands of dollars were given me to use as a mission fund outside the State.

I soon realized two things: (1st) that this work could be made more effective under a national than under a state name; and (2nd) that if I should happen to die these gifts would probably cease.

So I went at once to our Massachusetts Legislature and succeeded in having "The American Humane Education Society" incorporated, with power to hold half-a-million of dollars.

Since that time all money given me for my mission fund has been paid over to the treasurer of "The American Humane Education Society," and I have personally given to the trustees of its permanent fund real estate valued at the time of giving at over twenty-five hundred dollars.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE AUDIENCE WE TALK TO EVERY MONTH.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

What is its circulation?

Answer.—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000; sometimes from 100,000 to 200,000.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy*

in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of over twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

A PARROT'S JEALOUSY.

When Lieutenant George E. Goodrich of the 161st Regiment Indiana Volunteers returned to Shelbyville from Havana recently, he brought with him an exceptionally bright parrot, which caused the one owned in the Goodrich family many years to grow very jealous. The old bird was a changed one from the time the new one was given quarters in the house, refusing to talk or to accept anything from the hands of the family. A few days ago "Polly," who was known all over the city, was found dead in her cage, having died of a broken heart.

ONE YEAR FOR BEATING A HORSE.

Drivers of carts and other vehicles will do well to profit by the experience of Otto de Valmasada, who was before Judge McCarthy in Quarter Sessions Court No. 1, Philadelphia, yesterday, charged with cruelty to a horse. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to the limit of the law—one year in the county prison. De Valmasada was hauling a heavy load of stone, and when his horse became "stuck" he beat the animal with an iron bar. His only excuse was that he had lost his temper. Judge McCarthy said he proposed to make an example of the prisoner. A man who would thus ill-treat a poor, dumb beast, the Judge said, merely because he lost his temper, was deserving of the severest penalty prescribed by the law.

WANTED ONLY ONE.

Stern parent (to a young applicant for his daughter's hand).—"Young man, can you support a family?" Young man (meekly).—"I only wanted Sarah, sir."

A RIGHTEOUS DECISION.

From Los Angeles Hotel Gazette.

The decision of Justice James, of Los Angeles, that the killing of hares in coursing is a violation of the law, is a righteous one. The case in point was the recent trial of Colonel Black, manager of the Agricultural Park Coursing Club, for carrying on the sport of "hare coursing," the action for violation of law being brought by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In summing up his conclusion the Justice says:

"The words 'torture' or 'torment,' and 'cruelty' in the statute are held to include every act, omission or neglect whereby unnecessary or unjustifiable physical pain or suffering is caused or permitted. To capture or destroy a hare in its wild state is a right that is not denied. But, having been reduced from its wild condition to a state of captivity, I believe the person seeking to destroy it must adopt a means of killing likely to produce the least pain and suffering. In the coursing match, with the dogs behind it, the hare is, without doubt, tortured and tormented with the terror of the pursuit and the fear of capture. The dogs finally catch it and perhaps quarrel over its mangled body, until the attendant arrives and puts an end to its misery. . . . In my opinion, it follows that the mode of death visited upon the hare results in unnecessary and unjustifiable physical pain and suffering to the animal. The statute is therefore violated."

PIGS CARRIED LIFE-LINE.

The Australian coasting steamer Kame-ruka, while going from Eden to Sydney, travelling at full speed, struck on a reef at Moruya Head. There being no rockets on the ship the captain tied a life-line to some pigs which formed part of the cargo, and had the animals put overboard. The pigs swam to the shore, taking the lines with them, and by establishing communication every soul on board was rescued.—*Boston Herald.*

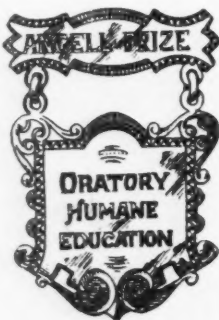
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."



We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools or Sunday schools are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5.) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

TO GET RID OF FLIES.

People in the country who are annoyed by flies should remember that clusters of the fragrant clover, which grows abundantly by nearly every roadside, if hung in the room and left to dry and shed its faint fragrant perfume through the air, will drive away more flies than sticky saucers of molasses and other fly-traps and fly-papers can ever collect.—*New York Tribune*.

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also Mr. Angell's *Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 75 cents at office, or 80 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE."

On the first day of issuing this book we had over a hundred orders for it, some of them for fifty and twenty-five copies.

"PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

We acknowledge from various friends donations to aid us in the gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which everyone reads with pleasure, and having read wants everybody else to read.

To those who wish to buy it the price for our edition is ten cents, and Mrs. Carter's cloth-bound edition, for which the publisher's price is one dollar, we are permitted to sell at seventy-five cents, or post-paid eighty cents.

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address *Art and Natural Study Publishing Co.*, Providence, R. I.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.

(3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4.) When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Hundreds of thousands of children can never be taught *directly* in our schools to love either their fathers or mothers, but they can be taught to be constantly saying kind words and doing kind acts to the lower creatures, and in this way may be made better, kinder and more merciful in all the relations of life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.

Always keep your dogs and cats nights where they will not disturb the sleep of your neighbors and so come in danger of being poisoned.

In moving don't forget your cat.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I offer *One Thousand Dollars* for evidence to convict ten persons in Massachusetts of violation of our State law by *cruel vivisection*—namely, *One Hundred Dollars* for evidence in each case.

"Blessed are the merciful."

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

THE MASTER'S COMING.

In a desolate night and lonely, afar in a desolate land, I awaited the Master's coming—the touch of his healing hand.

The gates of his house were guarded and sealed with a seal of stone,
Yet still for his steps I waited and wept in the dark alone.

And I said: "When the guards are dreaming I will steal to his couch of rest;
He will think of my weary vigils and welcome me to his breast."
But lo! when the seal was broken, the couch where my master lay
Held only his shining raiment—they had taken my Lord away!

Then my soul in its grief and anguish lay down in the dark to die
Under a hopeless heaven, under a sunless sky;
But my dreams were all of the Master—dear as my soul was dear,
And waking I saw the glory of his beautiful presence there.

And he said, as I fell and worshipped: "Arise, and the Master see;
Behold the thorns that have crowned him—the wounds that were made for thee!"

I wait for the Master's coming, now as in days gone by,
Under a hopeful heaven, under a cloudless sky;
And still when the guards are dreaming I steal to his couch of rest;
His smile through the darkness lightens, and welcomes me to his breast!

Christian Herald.

When he thinks of Gov. Roosevelt, Edward Atkinson is reminded of Rufus Choate's characterization of a fellow-member of the bar, as "a bull-dog with confused ideas."

Boston Herald, April 21, 1899.

DID IT SERVE HER RIGHT?

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN DRIVEN TO FLIGHT BY JUVENILE INQUISITIVENESS.

Her hat was a regular stunner and no mistake. It looked something like a miniature tropical garden, but nature never produced anything half so gorgeous. A couple of artificial butterflies, whose wings presented a dazzling assortment of colors, were poised upon invisible wires over two imitation orchids. They were obviously designed to supply the crowning touch of realism. When she entered the "L" car she knew that that hat would create a sensation. There were plenty of vacant seats around, but she walked nearly the whole length of the car before taking one, and when she sat down it was with the proud consciousness that all eyes were fixed upon her—or rather upon her hat.

But nobody stared at that hat half as hard as a bright, chubby little youngster, who was sitting alongside of his mother, right opposite the owner of the triumph of millinery.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" exclaimed the little fellow gleefully, "I see two butterflies on that lady's hat."

"Hush, hush, Willie," said the mother; "you mustn't make remarks."

But Willie was at that age when the mind refuses to be satisfied with dogmatic assertions, and demands reasons.

"Why must I hush? Will the butterflies hear me and fly away?"

The people in Willie's immediate vicinity began to snicker, and the proprietor of the hat began to look uncomfortable.

"Willie, you must be quiet," said the mother; and then, with the view of allaying his curiosity, she added, "The butterflies ain't alive."

"Did she stick pins through them and kill them?"

"Hush—no; they are made-up butterflies."

Willie meditated upon this for a minute, and then, to the intense delight of everybody within earshot, excepting, of course, his mother and the proprietor of the wondrous hat, he broke out afresh.

"Did you ever see any live butterflies like those butterflies, mamma? I never did."

"Do be quiet; don't ask foolish questions." But Willie was not to be suppressed in that fashion.

"Mamma, why is it that other ladies don't put butterflies in their hats?"

"I don't know. Do be quiet."

"Mamma, if you put butterflies on your hat, would you put butterflies on your hat like that?"

By this time the snicker had developed into an audible titter, and threatened to become a downright laugh soon.



THE ALPS, SWITZERLAND.

The conductor suddenly opened the door and shouted out something that sounded like "Drenthenth Street!"

Whatever the street might be it seemed suddenly to occur to the proprietor of the hat that it was the street she wanted, and she rushed precipitately out of the car, her undignified exit contrasting strangely with her stately entrance a few minutes before.

And what do you think I overheard the woman who sat next to me say?—

"It just serves her right!"

Why it served her right I don't pretend to know.—*New York Herald.*

THE LITTLE BROWN DOG.

Little brown dog with the meek brown eyes,
Tell me the boon that most you prize.

Would a juicy bone meet your heart's desire?
Or a cosy rug by a blazing fire?
Or a sudden race with a truant cat?
Or a gentle word, or a friendly pat?
Is the worn-out ball you have always near
The dearest of all the things held dear?
Or is the home you left behind
The dream of bliss to your doggy mind?
But the little brown dog just shook his head
As if "None of these are best," he said.

A boy's clear whistle came from the street,
There's a wag of the tail, and a twinkle of feet
And the little brown dog did not even say
"Excuse me, ma'am," as he scampered away,
But I'm sure as can be his greatest joy
Is just to trot behind that boy.

MAY ELLIS NICHOLS,
In Wide Awake.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- | | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|--|
| 37434 Baltimore, Md.
Faith, Hope and Charity Band.
P., Lillie Peters. | 37483 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss West. | 37533 Tapley Band, Div. 1.
P., H. E. Wentworth. | 37586 Little Helpers Band.
P., Margaret A. Dawson. | 37637 Washington School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Roeth. |
| 37435 White Ribbon Band.
P., Octavia Brown. | 37484 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Traffy. | 37534 Tapley Band, Div. 2.
P., E. M. Richmond. | 37587 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Ida A. Howard. | 37638 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Babin. |
| 37436 Whatsoever Band.
P., Eva Lazarus. | 37485 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Taylor. | 37535 Tapley Band, Div. 3.
P., A. M. Sullivan. | 37588 Kind Friends of Dumb Animals Band.
P., ———. | 37639 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Warriner. |
| 37437 Ministering Children Bd.
P., Florence Clayton. | 37486 Waukegan, Ill.
Central School.
P., W. F. Cramer. | 37536 Tapley Band, Div. 4.
P., L. F. Putnam. | 37589 Golden Rule Band.
P., Margaret F. McOsker. | 37640 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Childs. |
| 37438 Allentown, Pa.
Dewey Band.
P., Mamie L. Diehl. | 37487 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Beasley. | 37537 Tapley Band, Div. 5.
P., J. H. Gordon. | 37590 Kind Boys and Girls Bd.
P., Lizzie I. Fisher. | 37641 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Kruse. |
| 37439 Sacred Heart Band, A.
P., Sister M. Elisea. | 37488 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Botsford. | 37538 Whittier Band, Div. 1.
P., Susan M. Wilbar. | 37591 Sunshine Band.
P., Mary G. Tasker. | 37642 Lafayette School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Mrs. Gathany. |
| 37440 Sacred Heart Band, B.
P., Sister M. Benno. | 37489 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Pearce. | 37539 Whittier Band, Div. 2.
P., M. A. Allen. | 37592 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Elizabeth Turbitt. | 37643 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Bittourna. |
| 37441 Sacred Heart Band, C.
P., Sister M. Rosimilla. | 37490 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Lyon. | 37540 Whittier Band, Div. 3.
P., Elizabeth Hoar. | 37593 Golden Rule Band.
P., Helen H. Reynolds. | 37644 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Carroll. |
| 37442 Alma, Mich.
Thoughtful Band.
P., Walter Hoyt. | 37491 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Lanyon. | 37541 Whittier Band, Div. 4.
P., A. G. Perley. | 37594 Golden Rule Band.
P., Florence M. Kennon. | 37645 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Higgins. |
| 37443 River Forest, Ill.
No. 1 Band.
P., J. E. Adams. | 37492 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Thain. | 37542 Whittier Band, Div. 5.
P., A. N. Flint. | 37595 Sunshine Band.
P., Harriet N. Lovett. | 37646 Jefferson School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Carrie Gray. |
| 37444 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Sibley. | 37493 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Burk. | 37543 Whittier Band, Div. 6.
P., M. F. Knight. | 37596 Sunbeam Band.
P., Gert'de L. Huntington. | 37647 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Rielly. |
| 37445 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss McLaughlin. | 37494 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Perry. | 37544 Whittier Band, Div. 7.
P., Elizabeth A. Ahern. | 37597 Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Maude Farnum. | 37648 St. Mary's School.
St. Mary's Band.
P., Sister Mary Hilda. |
| 37446 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Brown. | 37495 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Dietmeyer. | 37545 Whittier Band, Div. 8.
P., M. D. Bradstreet. | 37598 Loyal Defenders Band.
P., Agnes B. McNaughton. | 37649 Star of the Sea Band.
P., Sister Mary Winnefrida. |
| 37447 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Elliot. | 37496 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Smith. | 37546 Whittier Band, Div. 9.
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P., Miss Babbitt. | 37497 George Washington Band.
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P., Maud Hersey. | 37652 No. 2 Band.
P., Sister St. Thomas. |
| 37450 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Peirce. | 37499 LaFayette Band.
P., Miss Morey. | 37549 Wadsworth Band, Div. 2.
P., Grace R. Perkins. | 37602 Earnest Happy Workers Band.
P., Eliza J. Hopkins. | 37653 No. 3 Band.
P., Sister St. Mary. |
| 37451 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Thornton. | 37500 No. 15 Band.
P., Miss Finney. | 37550 Wadsworth Band, Div. 3.
P., Alice M. Clancy. | 37603 Sunbeam Band.
P., Mary L. Pratt. | 37654 No. 4 Band.
P., Sister Eusebia. |
| 37452 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Peterson. | 37501 No. 16 Band.
P., Miss Douglas. | 37551 Black Beauty Band.
P., Katherine Manning. | 37604 Kind Helpers Band.
P., Amelia S. Cory. | 37655 No. 5 Band.
P., Sister St. Joseph. |
| 37453 Palatine, Ill.
No. 1 Band.
P., W. L. Smyser. | 37502 North School.
Evelyn Band.
P., J. E. Baggett. | 37552 San Francisco, Cal.
Lincoln Gram. School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Mr. Leggett. | 37605 Kankakee, Ill.
High School.
No. 1 Band.
P., N. Tracy. | 37656 No. 6 Band.
P., Sister St. Louis. |
| 37454 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Salzer. | 37503 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Adams. | 37553 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. McKown. | 37606 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Kenaga. | 37657 No. 7 Band.
P., Sister Teresa. |
| 37455 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Hopkins. | 37504 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Allen. | 37554 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Shea. | 37607 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Wheelock. | 37658 No. 8 Band.
P., Sister Louisa. |
| 37456 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Jewell. | 37505 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Kiehle. | 37555 No. 4 Band.
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P., Miss Hollowell. | 37556 No. 5 Band.
P., Mrs. Backman. | 37609 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Kinlin. | 37660 No. 2 Band.
P., Sister Drazy. |
| 37458 No. 6 Band.
P., Mrs. Benson. | 37507 South School.
No. 1 Band.
P., W. L. Swayer. | 37557 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Hurley. | 37610 No. 6 Band.
P., Eugene C. Crosby. | 37661 No. 3 Band.
P., Sister Martin. |
| 37459 Park Ridge, Ill.
Park Ridge School.
No. 1 Band.
P., J. R. Bevis. | 37508 No. 2 Band.
P., C. L. Smith. | 37558 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Elder. | 37611 Central School.
No. 1 Band.
P., A. D. Alpinier. | 37662 No. 4 Band.
P., Sister LaFord. |
| 37460 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Eames. | 37509 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Kinney. | 37559 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Martin. | 37612 No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. Culbertson. | 37663 Trevelians, Va.
Cleveland School Band.
P., Miss Mamie Howard. |
| 37461 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Stevenson. | 37510 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Murphy. | 37560 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Farnsworth. | 37613 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Lavery. | 37664 Potosky, Mich.
Howard School Band.
Sec., May I. Douglas. |
| 37462 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. Ordway. | 37511 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Kenney. | 37561 No. 10 Band.
P., Mrs. Simon. | 37614 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. Love. | 37665 Delavan, Wis.
Delavan Band.
P., Mamie Lathrop. |
| 37463 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss MacQueen. | 37512 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Kenney. | 37562 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss Libby. | 37615 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Blackmar. | 37666 N. Y. City, N. Y.
Jabberwock Club Band.
P., Laura Ellinwood. |
| 37464 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Johnson. | 37513 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Tonigan. | 37563 No. 12 Band.
P., Mrs. A. A. Hill. | 37616 Geo. Washington Band.
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——— Band.
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Webster Pr. School.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Lynch. | 37617 Red, White and Blue Bd.
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P., Josephine I. Barry. |
| 37466 No. 8 Band.
P., Mrs. Bartholomew. | 37515 Star Band.
P., Miss Dickinson. | 37565 Little Children's Band.
P., Mrs. Hackett. | 37618 Sunshine Band.
P., Mrs. Rose. | 37669 Santuit Bnd.
P., Miss G. Gardner. |
| 37467 Edison Park School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Ward. | 37516 West School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Mrs. Curtis. | 37566 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Kraus. | 37619 Steuben School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Jennie L. Clute. | 37670 Kent Band.
P., Mrs. Clara L. Bedelle. |
| 468 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Trimm. | 37517 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Wilder. | 37567 Little Workers Band.
P., Miss Smith. | 37620 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Grinnell. | 37671 Greenbush Band.
P., Lilliette C. Jenkins. |
| 37469 Des Plaines, Ill.
George T. Angell Band.
P., Leopold Schroeder. | 37518 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Dunlay. | 37568 Kind Band.
P., Miss Hichens. | 37621 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Waide. | 37672 Hatherly Band, Div. 1.
P., Edith Holland. |
| 37470 Red, White and Blue Bd.
P., Miss Longley. | 37519 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Adams. | 37569 Happy Workers Band.
P., Miss Haas. | 37622 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Meade. | 37673 Hatherly Band, Div. 2.
P., Hattie M. Damon. |
| 37471 Dewey Band.
P., Miss Davidson. | 37520 St. Mary's School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Sister Mary Regina. | 37570 Faithful Workers Band.
P., Miss Wright. | 37623 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Havens. | 37674 Hatherly Band, Div. 3.
P., Carrie W. Litchfield. |
| 37472 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Walters. | 37521 No. 2 Band.
P., Sister Mary Jerome. | 37571 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Turner. | 37624 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Holmes. | 37675 Hatherly Band, Div. 4.
P., Sara Kane. |
| 37473 Kindness Band.
P., Miss Travis. | 37522 No. 3 Band.
P., Sister Mary Joseph. | 37572 Kind Workers Band.
P., Miss Hough. | 37625 Sunshine Band.
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P., Mrs. Nellie M. Sparrell. |
| 37474 Golden Rule Band.
Miss Cookingham. | 37523 No. 4 Band.
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Golden Rule Band.
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| 37476 Sunshine Band.
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P., Mrs. Shaw. | 37628 George Washington Band.
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P., Eleanor W. Johnson. |
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C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Frank E. Page. | 37526 Warren, Ill.
Junior League Band.
P., Nellie M. Virden. | 37576 Protectors of the Helpless Band.
P., Miss McCarty. | 37629 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Miss Wickman. | 37680 Woodbridge, N. J.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Gertrude Freeman. |
| 37478 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Basterdes. | 37527 Alden, Minn.
Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Basil Smout. | 37577 Thoughtful Band.
P., Miss Wickman. | 37630 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Bunker. | 37681 Philadelphia, Pa.
Loving Service Band.
P., Mrs. L. Shepherd. |
| 37479 Beautiful Joe Band.
P., Kate Basterdes. | 37528 Danvers, Mass.
Robinson Crusoe Band.
P., M. Jennie Tibbetts. | 37578 United Band.
P., Miss Morse. | 37631 Red, White and Blue Bd.
P., Miss Johnson. | 37682 La Fayette, Ind.
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No. 1 Band.
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| 37480 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Hall. | 37529 Putnam Band No. 1.
P., Elizabeth Carr. | 37579 Relief Band.
P., Miss Schendel. | 37632 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Hamilton. | 37683 No. 2 Band.
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P., Miss Marr. | |
| | | 37583 Longfellow Band.
P., Anna C. Magnus. | 37636 No. 4 Band.
P., Mrs. Lovell. | |
| | | 37584 Lincoln Band.
P., Fannie W. Robinson. | | |
| | | 37585 Garfield Band.
P., Elizabeth S. Robinson. | | |

THE CAT.

The cat is *only* one of the multitude of forms of animal life which it is our duty to try to protect; but it may surprise some of our readers to know that it has cost our Massachusetts Society P. C. A. many *thousands of dollars* simply to humanely relieve suffering cats, and that though the recently formed "Animal Protective League" has come to our aid, the work has so increased as to sometimes require the almost constant service of one, two and sometimes three of our agents in this humane work.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



THE LAMENT OF A FORSAKEN CAT.

By ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL, in *The Animal World*.

THE LAMENT OF A FORSAKEN CAT.

By ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

The family went out of town,
 Refreshing themselves by the sea;
 I thought they'd have taken me down,
 But no one had pity on me.

What of that?

After all, it is "*only a cat!*"

The children got in one by one,
 When the carriage drove up to the door,
 How breathlessly then did I run!
 Little Molly cried, "Room for one more!"

What of that?

After all, it is "*only a cat!*"

"No place with the children for me?
 With the luggage then, porter," I said.
 "Get out, little demon!" cried he,
 And gave me a blow on the head.

What of that?

After all, it is "*only a cat!*"

There is no one without or within;
 Not a drop, not a crumb in the house.
 My bones breaking through my poor skin;
 No strength to say Boo! to a mouse!

What of that?

After all, it is "*only a cat!*"

I was petted and loved by the fair;
 Do they think of me now by the sea?
 The pavement is burning and bare,
 I am dying by inches, poor me!

What of that?

After all, it is "*only a cat!*"

You have left me to die, but I say
 That when you have once made a friend,
 And loved him a little each day,
 You should love him on straight to the end!

Think of that!

Even should he be "*only a cat!*"

THE LATE G. J. F. BRYANT.

The late G. J. F. Bryant [one of Boston's most eminent architects] was for more than twenty years before his death one of the directors of our Mass. S. P. C. A.

And here is one of the good things he did:

A kitten had fallen into one of the ventilating flues in the walls of the large sub-treasury apartment in the post-office building of this city, and had been incarcerated five days without food or water. The flue referred to is forty feet in depth, from the ceiling level of the apartment. Notice of the kitten's misfortune was brought to Architect Bryant late of a Saturday afternoon. The cries of the kitten could be faintly heard, and Mr. Bryant's first impulse was to cut in through the marble facing of the apartment in which the flue was located; but a suggestion being made that perhaps the prisoner, in its desperation, might seize the end of a line weighted and of a bulky shape at its lower end, this experiment was tried. Strange to say the nearly starved creature almost instantly took fast hold with its claws, when it was very carefully and slowly drawn safely up the entire height of forty feet, and safely delivered. No Southern razor-back pig was ever thinner than this liberated little kitten; yet, with warm milk administered at intervals, restoration soon took place.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night!
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By Thy great might!
 For her our prayers shall be,
 Our father's God, to Thee,
 On Thee we wait!
 Be her walls Holiness;
 Her rulers Righteousness;
 Her officers be Peace;
 God save the State.

Lord of all truth and right,
 In whom alone is might,
 On Thee we call!
 Give us prosperity;
 Give us true liberty;
 May all the oppressed go free;
 God save us all!

OF ALL THE GOOD WORK.

Of all the good work going on all over our land to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity, and of suffering, maltreated animals, we know of none that is having a wider or more salutary influence than that of the "American Humane Education Society" and the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."—Delaware Farm and Home, Wilmington, Del.

"Our Dumb Animals should be in every household in this broad land."—Woburn Journal, July 14th.

Receipts for the M. S. P. C. A. for July.

Fines and witness fees, \$229.45.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Clarence W. Jones, \$20; A. S. Paton, \$3; Mrs. S. H. Swan, \$3; Miss Lucy S. Sampson, \$2.50.

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Edw. I. Browne, Mrs. Louisa C. Bacon, Geo. Wigglesworth, Mrs. Ellen B. Merriam, Mrs. E. C. Gallagher, Mrs. G. L. Pratt, Mrs. G. G. Hammond, Jr., S. Lothrop Thorndike, J. S. Codman.

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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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Total, \$298.50.

The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

SUBSCRIBERS.

New Haven S. P. C. A., \$31; Mrs. J. A. Mason, \$4.50; Miss Lila Van Kirk, \$2.50; F. A. McQuarry, \$1.60; Mrs. Geo. H. Gould, \$1.50; William Wood, \$1.50; F. C. Sparhawk, \$1.25.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

E. Moulton, C. L. Wright, C. W. Smith, B. F. Monroe, E. R. R. Brinton, C. B. Webster, A. E. Hackett.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

L. Norcross, Mrs. R. C. Huntley, L. R. Hamsher, G. B. Stacey, Mrs. B. W. Gilman, J. Birt, J. E. Ayars, L. Darrigand, Mrs. J. A. Dunn, A. W. Morse, Mrs. S. R. Ives, Mrs. R. C. McCartney, Miss E. Babcock, Mrs. O. D. Washburn, L. Brown, Mrs. M. Hendricks, W. H. Coffin, A. Klemeyer, Mrs. McArdle, E. L. Moorman, E. L. Jones, J. C. Miller.

All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$5.16.

Total, \$67.01.

Publications, \$26.64.

Total, \$84.60.

Receipts of the American Humane Education Society for July.

A. N. Y. friend, \$50; Mrs. J. A. Woodward, \$24; A friend, \$15; City of Haverhill, \$9; Town of Lisbon, \$6.20; Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., \$6; Conn. Humane Society, \$5.65; Town of Wellesley, \$5.38; L. M. Chase, \$5; S. W. Rodman, \$5; Miss M. M. Whiting, \$5; Mrs. T. O. Richardson, \$5; Miss Christie Stakke, \$2; B. B. Band of Mercy, North Platte, Neb., \$1; Mrs. B. E. McClelland, \$1; Hon. C. S. Page, \$1; Rev. J. D. Mitchell, \$1; F. J. Miller, \$0.70.

Small sales of publications, \$25.55.

In the Sunday-school of a large church they secured a large number of annual subscriptions for *Our Dumb Animals*. The solicitor's commission, namely, twenty-five cents on each copy, being given to aid in church work. Our regular price is fifty cents a copy.

If in every Sunday-school the same plan should be adopted, it would raise the circulation of *Our Dumb Animals* to millions, and at the same time raise in every Sunday-school a considerable amount of money be used for church work or any other.

MUSICAL TASTE IN ANIMALS.

Some years ago my father lived in an old hall in the neighborhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were extensive. It was his delight to have a sort of model farm, which gave me many opportunities of studying the different characters of the various animals upon it. Then I saw the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; and like many others, he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had so trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand, and Robert would come to be saddled. But if left to our old gardener, Willy, he would lead him a chase generally ending in defeat. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden when Willy appeared, streaming with perspiration. "What is the matter, Willy?" "Matter enough, Miss. There's that Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've give him corn, and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me—he snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and off he is, laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow."

I was very sorry for the old man, but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal.

"Well, Willy, what will I do? He won't let me catch him, you know."

"Ay, but, Miss, if you will only just go in and begin a toon on the peanner; cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken, for he is always a-doing that, and maybe I can slip behind and catch him."

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled." The halter was soon round his neck and he went away to be harnessed, quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played "Scots wha ha'e" he would listen, well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, as for instance in the "Land o' the Leal," he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say, "That's not my sort of music." Changing to something martial he would return and listen.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. Old Willy used to say: "She is the most contrariest beast under the sun." If she were in one of her ill-humors, it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She never would go with the other cows at milking time. Nancy be milked with them!—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful, up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk-pail. When the cook milked her, it was always close to the fence, near the drawing-room. If I were playing she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—"The Land o' the Leal," "Home, Sweet Home," "Robin Adair," any sweet, tender air—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give another. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening, singing to mama. It was a double room with double doors. She was in one where there was a lamp. In my room, which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. There, sitting on the stand, was a large white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. In a minute or two he stepped quietly out of the window and flew away. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the window open; but the owl still came and sat upon the stone outside, listening.—*Chambers' Journal*.

HER CHOICE.

"Which do you prefer?" asked her indulgent father.

"It's so hard to decide," she answered, "but at the price quoted I think the duke is a better bargain than the count. I guess you may buy the duke."

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following prices, free of postage:—

Black Beauty, in English or Italian, cloth 30 cts., paper 10 cts.
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